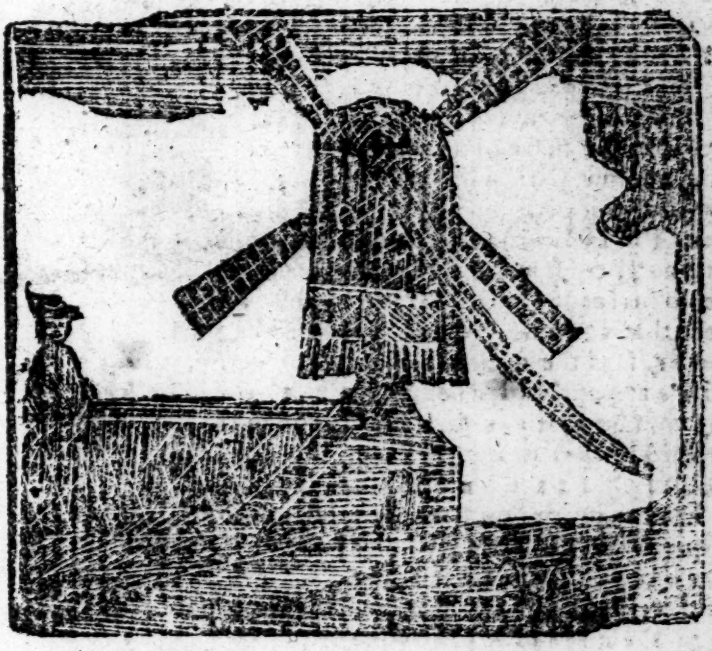
AN EXCELLENT

GARLAND,

Containing Five Choice Song.

1. The Crafty Miller, or the Miller's She Ass.
2. The Diſconſolate Sailor.
3. The Anſwer.
4. Alterations of the Times.
5. Chick a-Bidde.



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The CRAFTY MILLER;

Or, Miſtaken Bachelor.

YOU gallants of England I pray now draw near,
The trick of a Miller you quickly ſhall hear.
A gentleman had a fine water mill,
And in it the poor honeſt Miller did dwell,
But fortune did frown as it plainly appears,
He could pay no rent for the ſpace of two years.

The Landlord reſolv'd he would make no ſtrife,
Tho' greatly inflam'd with the poor Miller's wife,
Honeſt Miller, he cry'd I beg you'll not moan,
For if you can't pay me, pray let it alone,
Come come to the tavern, it is my deſine,
To give you the ſhare of a bottle of wine.

Being mellow with wine as we all may ſuppoſe,
The landlord cries Miller my mind I'll diſcloſe,
Tis true, I'm in love with your honeſt bride,
And if you'll conſent I ſhall lay by her ſide
I mean to ſurrender with heart and good will
The rent that you owe me and give you the mill.

Kind ſir, ſays the miller, i grant your deſire,
My wife's at your will when you pleaſe to lye by her,
I freely conſent that you ſhall have your will,
But now let's have writings concerning the mill.
With all my heart the landlord did ſay,
We'll have them drawn here without more delay.

But quoth the miller it will be a jeer,
If that we in public do let it appear,
To ſave ſave both our credit and bring it to paſs,
I have in the meadow a dainty ſhe aſs,
That will appear better the bond for to fill,
For the lend of the aſs you muſt give me the mill.

Well ſaid the landlord that will end the ſtrife,
But you know that my meanings to lay with your wife,
Indeed, ſays the Miller you ſhall have your de'ight,
But who ſhall we get the bond for to write;

As fortune would have it a lawyer came by,
The landlord he saw him, and to him did cry.
Kind sir, here's a bond I beg you will fill,
That I give to the miller a good water mill.
And quit him the rent for two years past,
And for the lending to him his she ass.
That is a good act the the lawer did say,
The bond I will fill without more delay.
When the Miller the bond in his pocket had got,
Took leave of his landord, and homeward did trot.
He whistled and sung and laugh'd in his sleeve,
To think how his landlord he meant to deceive,
The bond is secure the bargain is fast,
Instead of my wife he shall have my she-ass.
The gentleman he was as brisk as an ell,
And soon the next morning some courage did feel,
He call'd to his man, and gave him a glass,
Saying go to the miller and fetch his she-ass,
Now mind that you get your story quite pat,
He'll know what you mean, but mum for all that.
The servant he down to the Miller did haste,
And told him his master must have his she-ass,
The Miller he smil'd but nothing he said
But taking a helter goes down to the mead,
Then leading the ass ud, and when he had done,
The servant said, Miller sure this is high fun.
My master's commands I will quickly obey,
Then taking the ass he led her away;
As the master had ordered, he swept out the hall,
And soon it became a she ass's stall,
But the wine and the Fowls he kept for his pains,
For the ass she was dumb and could not complain:
When he came to his master he Whispering said,
Sir I have brought home that mettlesome Jade.
That's well, said the master, my councel dow keep,
I fancy by this time she wants for to sleep,
Go tell the house keeper to put her to bed,
With clean holland sheets and the best cover'id.

13 The housekeeper and servants they laughed amain,
To hear that the ass to bed must be lain;
Then madam was dress't in her pinners so neat,
And they put her to bed and covered her feet,
They bid her lay still, so they all went to rest,
But now comes the end and and cream of the jest.

14 The master came home quite pleas'd to his life,
And thought to embrace the Miller's fair Wife;
Then asking his man if his dear was asleep,
And into the room quite softly did creep,
Jack laugh'd till he pist and and crept up for to see,
How his master and Jenny did seem to agree.

15 He sat down on the bed and the ass gave a groan,
He said my dear jewl I beg you'll not mourn,
I long have admired your beutifull face,
And now I have bought you I will you embrace,
So then into bed tumbled again,
But to his surprize he was kick't out again.

16 What the devil is this in my chamber? said he,
Said Jack, Tis the ass that the Miller gave me,
That rogue of a Miller has trick'd me at last,
In lieu of his Wife, has sent his she-ass,
Then he said to his servants, my counsel pray keep,
And turn this damn'd ass into the street.

17 The ass she was found next day at a fair,
Which made all the country Gaffars to stare,
The pinners and smock they took from her hide,
And held it convenient the ass should be cried,
The Miller he came and the ass he did owu,
And thro' every village the story was known.

THE Disconsolate Sailor.

1. WHEN my money was all gone that I gain'd the wars,
And the world it did frown on my rate;
What matters my zeal or my honoured scars,

When indifferency ſtood at each gate.

2 That fair that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Shews a different aſpect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
Then I hied me again to the ſeas.

3 I thought it unjuſt to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore;
So I pack'd up what trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

4 A ſmall handkerchief held all the ſtore I had got,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd with my heart rather ſad,
For to join with ſome jovial ſhip's crew,

5 The ſeas was leſs troubled before than my mind,
All when the wide main I ſurvey'd;
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a ſlippery jade.

6 But I ſwear if once more I can gain her in tow,
I will let the ungrateful world ſee,
That the turbulent wind, and the billows can ſhew,
No more kindneſs than they did to me.

The ANSWER

TO THE

Diſconſolate Sailor.

1 WITH freſh ſtore ſo return'd to Old England again,
And the world it did ſmile upon me;
Each one with kind looks welcomes me from the main,
But I from them all will be free.

2 Kind fortune once more has my purſe overflown,
What a different aſpect to me;
Their ſmiles and their gratitude I never will own,
I look on them all as the wind.

3 I think it but juſt to rejoice at my lot,
And to reſt with content on the ſhore;
And paſs o'er each night with content in my cot,
Without thought of the ſeas any more.

4 My mind is ſafe moor'd from the torrents of life,
The girl whom ſhall ſhare of my wealth;
Content will I live, when I've made her my wife,
Where nothing is wanting but health.

The Alteration of the Times.

1 COME liſten my neighbours and hear a merry ditty,
Of a ſtrange alteration in every town and city,
I'll tell you of the the times when Queen Beſs rul'd the nation,
And take a view of things in their preſent ſituation.
O what an alteration is now to be ſeen.
Since the happy times when Elizabeth was Queen.

2 Then the ladies wore their plaited ruffs in neat and pretty order,
With cloſe-ear'd caps as white as ſnow, & crimpl'd ronnd the borders
But now the ladies' head dreſs would frighten ye to ſtare at,
They've a long wad of falſe hair, frizzl'd, curl'd, and greas'd with (bear fat.
O what an alteration, &c.

3 No perfume about their dreſſes then, nor yet no foreign tawdry,
No ſtrippery of chitnzes then; or ſpangles of embroidery.
But now in every faſhion the ladies dreſs in that they can wiſh,
Feeding other nations to ſtarve their own native Engliſh,
O what an alteration, &c.

4 They eat bread and milk for breakfaſt then out of a wooden noggin,
The ladies' ſtomachs were not delicate, they never thoght it clogging.
But now twenty ſhillings tea and fine ſugar how they ſwallow down,
With hot butter'd rolls, and the roll muſt be a French one.
O what an alteration, &c,

5 Mechanics then and tradeſmen there was few but what was able,
On Sundays to provide a good hot joint upon their table,

A plumb pudding for their children, to please the little creatures,
But now many hungry children fill their bellies with potatoes.
O what an alteration, &c.
Then good clothing was provided for the poor in winter weather,
For the rich and the poor they were hand and glove together,
But now the poor's degraded, and if ragged their cloaths is,
The rich keep at a distance, and turn up their noses.
O what an alteration, &c.
Good old ladies then twice a day kept the sabbath with decorum,
Walk'd to church with a bible, and their family before 'em,
But now they're drove in coaches, & when the church they push in,
Instead of bibles carry lap-dogs, and shock must have a cushion.
O what an alteration, &c.
Then good friendship was found, sir, in every neighbour's dwelling,
The whisperings of slander was their pride to be dispelling,
But now every body's business some people make their own,
And if they see you rise, they'll strive to pull you down.
O what an alteration, &c.
Thus happy they did live, sir, as you may plainly see,
And were a bright example to all their posterity.
May we follow their steps till we happily attain,
And the Lord protect the King on his royal throne again;
And long may he reign with glory and success,
And may he reign hereafter in heaven's happiness.

Chick-a-Biddee, a new Song.

ALTHO' i am young and of tender years,
And scarce not much of me,
I am tight good flesh deny it if you can,
I never was afraid to face a man.
Chorus. Altho' I am but a very little, lad,
And fighting men are not to be had.
For the want of a better I must go,
To follow the lad with the rā ta too:

I am a Chick-a-Biddee, ſee take me,
Know now, now, i'm a hearty little lad,
For your row dow dow,
Brown Beſs I knock about is all my joy.
With a knapſack on my back like a roving boy,
My tartin plaid and ſoldier view,
My ſilly bags, dark and bonnet blue,
Give me this word and i will march.
Come noble ſerjeant ſtrick my hand,
And when my captain takes his glaſs,
Me like to toy with a bonny laſs,
For ſuch a one as you with a roguiſh eye
Shall never want while i ſtand by.
Tho' the barber never once mow'd my chin
With my long broad ſword i long to begin,
I'll cut and flaſh my glorious ſun,
With my gun charg'd, pop, pop, pop, my little boſs gun.
My foes i'll drive like geeſe in flocks,
The Spaniards i'll puſh like turky cocks,
Whe're i am quarter'd i'll make free,
Odd ſoucks i'll kiſs my landlady.

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